# THE COSTERMONGER.

## A ROUGH AND READY CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

**Fondness for Street Brawls—How the Costermonger Settles Disputes with His Female—The Overworked Pony—Idle Swarms in the Streets.**

The London costermonger generally wears a fixed kind of dress. His hat is always a black derby, rusty from rain and weather. His coat is generally a rusty black frock. He rarely wears a waistcoat. His trousers may be corduroy or any kind of the cheaper woolen patterns. His shoes are thick soled and hobnailed. He always wears a colored handkerchief tied around his neck in place of a collar. These handkerchiefs are always dirty, except upon rare Sunday and holiday occasions, when new ties are donned. These handkerchiefs are always of a fanciful color, light blue and red being the favorites. They are worn high up on the neck, leaving a couple of inches of dirty neck showing between the handkerchief and the greasy collar of the shambling frock coat. The handkerchief is really the badge of the order. This handkerchief about the neck designates the character and standing of a man in England as completely and thoroughly as if he wore a uniform prescribed by act of parliament. The costermongers are men engaged in street traffic of all kinds. They are generally dealers in vegetables. They begin with push carts, and if they are prosperous and reach the climax of their ambition they become the owners of small two wheeled wagons, drawn by little donkeys or ponies. The strength and endurance of these small animals are phenomenal. I have seen from six to eight grown people on a costermonger's cart being drawn at a furious pace by a pony not much larger than a Newfoundland dog.

The costermonger never gives his pony any rest. He works him during the week in his business and uses the wretched little animal on Sunday to give his friends a treat in the shape of a ride to some cockney resort in the suburbs. The costermongers live in the street. They are never indoors except for eating and sleeping. A very severe, driving storm will sometimes force them into the house, but they generally take refuge under an awning or some gateway. They are a hardy, tough, coarse fibered people. They are noisy, and have a perfect passion for scenes of uproar and excitement. You rarely hear of costermongers murdering any of their associates or of their using knives or pistols in their quarrels. They have a way of pounding and kicking each other when engaged in disputes, but are rarely arrested, as they never seem to carry malice, and their fights generally end up in a good natured way. The costermonger and his female are often the chief actors in a street brawl. When once a costermonger has begun to keep company with a costermonger female then she is considered his property. She speaks of him as her man and she is spoken of as his "gal."

It was Sunday morning. The two had started out evidently for a holiday. He was in his best. He was a surly, heavy jawed fellow, with black eyes, a short nose and brawny, hairy fists. He wore a little black derby hat about three sizes too small for his great, round head. His handkerchief was the lightest of sky blues. She was buxom, burly, of medium height, dressed in true costermonger style. Their dispute grew out of a difference of opinion as to where they should spend the day. She insisted on going one way and he the other. They disputed for half a moment, and then he turned around and deliberately gave her a kick which lifted her about six inches from the sidewalk, to convince her that his way was the best. She turned quickly and began kicking him in return. The way she brought her number ten boots around against his shins very soon convinced him that she was as strong at that kind of argument as he. They kicked at each other for about five minutes, the center of a delighted and cheering crowd, and then the costermonger female by her skill in kicking carried the day. In a moment or two more he gave up, grinned good naturedly and the two walked off together for a happy Sabbath.

The way domestic brawls are carried on in the streets of London cannot be matched, I am certain, in any other city in the world. The common people who walk the streets regard these quarrels as their own private theatricals and sternly resent any interference of the police. As a general thing the police do not touch the brawlers unless they make too much of a disturbance and block up the streets. The police then simply order them to move on, and make arrests only where the disturbing party resists. During my stay in London I have seen more street fights than I had ever seen before in my life. The actors in these street fights or domestic brawls appear to take great pride in the parts which they are called upon to play. They are stimulated by the cheers and roars of approval from the audience and do their best to maintain their reputation for courage, ferocity and skill in retort.

The women are especially excitable and active in a street fight. The man generally looks sulky and sheepish when engaged in a fight with his female in public. But the women never give them a chance to back out. They are much more vindictive and active than the men. After the man has been kicked three or four times and has had his face scratched up to a proper state of rawness, he becomes excited and then strikes out brutally and cruelly, unless a policeman happens to be too near. The women are generally the victors in these street fights. The fighting women generally have babies in their arms. I have seen a number of costermonger viragos bounding from the ground like hyenas, rushing up and down with great leaps, howling insults and epithets, then sweeping down toward the hated object of their wrath for a blow or a kick, and when the man strikes out the baby never seems to be regarded as anything more than a buffer. The costermonger female uses her baby as a shield. The poor, wretched baby is generally a philosopher and rarely, if ever, howls or cries. I have never heard a costermonger baby even peep during the most exciting phases of a street fight, although the mother may be howling like a panther in her rage and excitement.

It is this class of people that makes even the best parts of London disagreeable. When their work is done they crowd the streets and fill the publics, drinking, swearing and quarreling. They wander in great idle swarms up and down the best streets, never turning to the right or left for any one. I do not know when they sleep. I have never been out so late an hour that I have not found any number of them marching about hooting and howling, and without the slightest check or hindrance from the authorities.—T. C. Crawford's London Letter in New York World.

## MEN YOU HEAR OF.

"Old Hutch" gave Ben Butler the first law case he ever had.

The new lord mayor of London is a fan maker named Whitehead.

All the debts of the late King Louis II, of Bavaria, will be paid in full within two years.

Theodore Roosevelt asserts that the western cowboy has nothing of the milksop about him.

Boston is rejoicing in the return of William D Howells, of that city, from his summer home.

Du Maurier uses his two pretty daughters as models for his witty "society sketches" in Punch.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is now residing at Vallombrosa, where he is actively engaged in literary work.

Vernon Lee, the London novelist, is plain, large and masculine in appearance, and an inveterate cigarette smoker.

Mr. D. L. Moody will spend the coming winter on the Pacific coast, and will begin a series of meetings at San Francisco on Jan. 1.

Coquelin and Jane Hading have been very successful in one way. They have completely routed the great American punster.

Li Hung Chang, prime minister of China, is devoting a great deal of attention to the improvement of the tea production of that country.

The crown princes of Sweden and Greece have been obliged to take to eye glasses. They are not the only near sighted princes in Europe.

Humphrey Ward, husband of Matthew Arnold's niece who wrote "Robert Elsmere," is an editorial writer for The London Times.

Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, Mr. G. W. Cable and Professor W. M. Sloan, of Princeton, will be among the winter lecturers at Yale.

Chauncey Depew is described by The London Court Journal as a spare built man with an undeniable Yankee cut, angular face and a keen, twinkling eye.

Rev. John Carroll, of St. Mary's church, Chicago, is 91 years old, and is believed to be the oldest priest in the United States. He is of Irish parentage and was ordained in 1820.

Richard Gifford Palgrave, the Arabian traveler, is dead. According to The Jewish Chronicle he was born a Jew with the name of Cohen, but changed it when he married.

Mr. Stanley's last words on leaving Cairo on his present mission were: "It must not be supposed that I am lost because I am unable to communicate with the outer world."

Mahmoud Djelladellin Pasha, late minister of France to the sultan of Turkey, entered the office practically penniless, but now owns over a quarter of a million of Turkish pounds.

Lord Tennyson has had a new volume of poems ready for some time, which he has kept back, expecting America to pass an international copyright law. It is not known when they will be published.

It is announced that Benzon, better known as "Jubilee Juggins," the English plunger, is not as near ruin as has been reported. In fact, he has found it utterly impossible to spend $2,000,000 in two years.

Ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James, who has just returned to New York from England, reports that the city of London has 5,000 letter carriers for a population of about 5,000,000, and about a dozen deliveries per day.

The late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg empire, left a fortune of $50,000,000, from which a sum of $400 was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. That was his sole charitable bequest.

The new Persian minister to this country, Ghaoly Khan (khan means colonel), expresses the opinion that the women of America are the most beautiful in the world. Persia was late in having a minister at Washington, but she sent a diplomatist when she started in. Col. Ghaoly will make his mark.

Henry G. Raworth, of Augusta, Ga., said to be the oldest living railroad engineer, was the engineer of the "Best Friend," the first locomotive built in America, and he has followed his business for fifty-one years. When he first handled the throttle twelve miles an hour was considered good time, while nowadays no one is surprised at a run of sixty miles an hour.

The bishop of New York has the largest personal revenue in this country. It is $10,000 a year. The bishop of Maine has the smallest. It is $1,300 a year. The bishops of California, Chicago, Long Island and Massachusetts have each $6,000 a year. Others have incomes running from $5,000 a year down, while eight of the American Protestant Episcopal prelates are content with $2,000 a year each.

Prince Bismarck keeps a guard of four soldiers in a small conservatory in the garden of his official residence at Berlin. "After Blind's attempt on my life," he says, "the emperor insisted that I should have a body guard. But I sometimes forget these good fellows, and once at Versailles, seeing one of them appear suddenly before me in a corner of my garden, I drew my revolver, thinking he meant mischief."

## STAGE TALK.

Jane Hading made her stage debut at the age of 3 years.

Salvini's next American tour will begin at Palmer's, New York, Oct. 7, 1889.

Charles Coghlan will this year accompany Mrs. Langtry as her leading support.

Ellen Terry has built a new London house which has cost $100,000. She will move into it when she returns from the continent.

The new California theater in San Francisco will be opened on May 13, 1889, when Booth and Barrett begin a four weeks' engagement.

Henry Irving, who anticipates another American tour next season, will bring over people and scenery for one play only—"Macbeth." Last season, on his own authority, his actual nightly expenses averaged $1,700.

The projected tour of Charles Wyndham in America has been abandoned for this season, the proposal having been made so late that it was impossible to secure the dates wanted. Mr. Wyndham may come next season.

Pauline Lucca, in an interview in Vienna, declared that the American tour on which she starts in November will close her career on the stage, and that she has bought a villa at Gmunden, where she intends to establish a school for opera singers.

## CRISP CONDENSATIONS.

Superstitious people at Keokuk, Ia., were almost scared to death by a whistling buoy which was placed in the river by the government. They thought it was a ghost.

The Texas steer which made a lunge at a circus elephant in Texarkana never knew which came out ahead. He got a whack from a trunk line which knocked him stiff and cold.

In the lower portions of South Carolina it is not an uncommon thing for white women, and even little girls of 10 to 12 years, to be seen doing manual labor in the fields.

It must be pretty hard for a woman to lead "in fashion." Out of 500 toilets and 750 hats surveyed on a recent afternoon on Broadway, New York, no two were alike, while all were fashionable.

What is claimed to be the longest chain ever made is in the imperial arsenal at Vienna. It has 8,000 links, and was used by the Turks to obstruct the passage of the Danube in 1529.

The success of the great world's fair at Melbourne, Australia, has incited San Francisco to undertake a "Great Pacific slope and international exposition" in the last named city in a year or two.

One hundred years ago the Presbyterian church consisted of 178 ministers and 18,000 communicants. The last minutes show that there are now 5,654 ministers, 6,436 churches and 696,757 communicants.

Denmark is an immense diary. The export of butter last year amounted to 45,000,000 pounds, and its quality is said to have been excellent and wonderfully uniform. The business is conducted on scientific principles.

An old observer tells that one's eyebrows are an infallible guide to his age. No matter, he says, how young looking the person may be, if his eyebrows lack a gloss and do not lie flat and smooth, he is no longer a young man.

There are 493 mountain peaks in the United States more than 10,000 feet in height. The highest mountain east of the Mississippi is Mount Balsam Cone, in the Black mountains of North Carolina, which is 6,671 feet high.

Italian immigrants to New York live on nine cents a day. They make a soup with a bit of pork and cast off shreds of cabbage and serve it with black bread. Some Italian laborers who are receiving seventy-five cents a day are growing rich.

Whereas six years ago all the carbons burned in the electric lights of the country were made in one room in Boston by ten men, there are now 150 tons consumed daily, and of this number 100 tons are turned out in the twenty carbon furnaces of Cleveland.

There is a new high wire act. Two men starting from different ends of a slack wire meet and pass each other, going by on a waltz step. A woman actually dances on the wire, and a man trots across it with a companion upright on his shoulders.

A remarkable case of preservation is reported from the old Blandford churchyard, near Petersburg, Va. A body was exhumed that had been entombed over thirty years, and was found to be in an almost perfect state of preservation. It was in an ordinary metallic case.

According to Dr. Erasmus Wilson, the great authority on hair, any one who is threatened with baldness, if it has not made too much headway, can check the tendency by rubbing a little mixed vaseline and sulphur on the spot at night and soak it with quinine every morning.

The past summer was the wettest that England has experienced since 1879, and the coolest since 1860. In most parts of the country the sun has not shone more than an average of 4 to 4½ hours per day, instead of a possible 14 or 15. In Scotland the daily average has been about 5 hours.

The most powerful war ship afloat, the Benbow, has just been completed and joined the British Mediterranean fleet. She carries two 111 ton guns, besides other smaller guns. A shot from one of them weighs 1,800 pounds, and when propelled by the full charge of 850 pounds of powder it can tear it way through a whole yard of iron armor.

It was so cold at the race meeting of the New York Country club recently that a young lady on the grand stand, who wore varnished boots, forgetfully kept her feet together, and when she attempted to stand up found that owing to the cold and dampness her boots had stuck together, and she was helpless until her feet were pried apart.

The points of an oyster are, first, the shape, which should resemble the petal of a rose leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell; a thoroughbred should have a shell like thin china. It should also possess an almost metallic ring and peculiar opalescent luster on the inner side. The hollow for the animal should resemble an egg cup, and the fish should be firm, white and nut like.

## STRANGE STORIES.

A cigar dealer in Manheim, Pa., has a rooster which can untie shoestrings.

A ringed snake about three feet long was captured alive over four miles out at sea off the English coast.

Two old women recently fought in the streets of Guadalajara, Mexico, over the love of a man 80 years of age.

There is a home for cats at Twelfth and Lombard streets, Philadelphia. It is reported to be a howling success.

William McClosky, who recently went insane at Rockford, Ills., imagines that he has poisoned his mustache.

Chicago boasts of the most economic young lady in the west. When she washes her face she always laughs so as not to have so much face to wash.

A bridge gave way in Girard, Ala., and a mule team, a load of lumber and the driver fell through, a distance of twenty feet. Nothing suffered damage except the bridge.

A conductor on the West Shore road was importuned by a woman passenger to stop and back the train in order that she might look for the false teeth that had fallen out while she was napping on the window ledge.

There is an old lady named Nancy Brown, living close by Birmingham, Ala., who has never been in that town, and who has never ridden on a railroad train in her life. She has lived there for forty seven years, and is 90 years old. She is well off, but dresses with the greatest simplicity.

August Fonda, a lawyer, was walking on the railroad track at Biloxi, Miss., when the engine struck him and threw him to a considerable distance. He supposed that he was killed, but two physicians, after a long and careful examination, found that Mr. Fonda was not hurt in the least, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in convincing him of the fact.

### Negro Cabins in Kentucky.

Looking out the doors and windows of the cabins, lounging in the doorways, leaning over the low frame fences, gathering into quickly forming, quickly dissolving groups in the dusty streets, they swarm; they are here from milkwhite through all deepening shades to glossy blackness; octoroons, quadroons, mulattoes, some with large, liquid, black eyes, refined features, delicate forms; working, gossiping, higgling over prices around a vegetable cart, discussing last night's church festival, today's funeral or next week's railway excursion, sleeping, planning how to get work and how to escape it. From some unseen old figure in flamboyant turban, bending over the washtub in the rear of a cabin, comes a crooned song of indescribable pathos; behind a half closed front shutter, a Moorish hued amoroso in gay linen thrums his banjo in a measure of ecstatic gayety, preluding the more passionate melodies of the coming night. Here a fight; there the sound of the fiddle and the rhythmic patting of hands. Tatters and silks flaunt themselves side by side. Dirt and cleanliness lie down together. Indolence goes hand in hand with thrift. Superstition dogs the slow footsteps of reason. Passion and self control eye each other all day long across the narrow way. If there is anywhere resolute virtue, all round it is a weltered muck of low and sensual desire. One sees all the surviving types of old negro life here crowded together with and contrasted with all the new phases of "colored" life, sees the transitional stage of a race, part of whom were born slaves and are now freemen, part of whom have been born freemen but remain so much like slaves.

It cannot fail to happen as you walk along that you will come upon some cabin set back in a small yard and half hidden, front and side, by an almost tropical jungle of vines and multiform foliage; patches of great sunflowers, never more leonine in tawny magnificence and sun loving repose; festoons of white and purple morning glories over the windows and up to the low eaves; around the porch and above the doorway a trellis of gourd vines swinging their long necked, grotesque yellow fruit; about the entrance flaming hollyhocks and other brilliant bits of bloom, marigolds and petunias—evidences of the warm native taste that still distinguishes the negro after some centuries of contact with the old, chastened ideals of the Anglo-Saxon.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

### Charles Sumner's Charming Letters.

Senator Sumner had a happy way of writing to any one whose work pleased him as author, orator, painter, sculptor or musician. Many authors have been made happy by his expressions of appreciation. Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Motley, Prescott, et id genus omne, have been laid under contribution by the senator's biographer, and the letters Sumner wrote them while hot from their works will make very interesting reading. There are those across the water who can contribute to his biography charming letters of appreciation, and among them Jean Ingelow, who received several of great force. He had an especially warm side for young authors of merit, and many a one of them, now of established reputation, owes much to his discriminating praise, and his encouragement to press on, to elevate and purify their taste, and, above all, "to work, work, work." To one he wrote: "Who shall say that the power to work is not itself genius?"

It was his way to write to a speaker immediately after he had heard or read his speech. Schuyler Colfax came to the front in a speech on the Kansas question, which showed him to be a man of mark. Sumner on that same night wrote him a letter of thanks, couched in such terms that the young orator showed it to doubting friends as an evidence that at least one leading man did not deem him too rash. The letter found its way into print, and soon it was regarded as happily voicing the views of the party, and Republicans generally indorsed Sumner's indorsement, and Colfax was a made man.

So thoroughly necessary was it deemed to have Sumner's stamp on a rising reputation that he was sometimes importuned to do for others what he had done for Colfax. "Let him," Sumner said to one suitor, "make such a speech as Colfax made, and I will write him such a letter as I wrote Colfax."—Arnold Burges Johnson in The Cosmopolitan.

### A Story with a Moral.

Near a railroad crossing where trains frequently waited for connection berries were very plentiful. Two women conceived the idea of making a little money by selling fresh berries to the hot and dusty travelers. They forthwith put their idea into execution, and were soon passing through the waiting trains offering the fruit for sale. One invariably made ready sales, selling out before she had gone through a train; the other always had berries left unsold, and sometimes she failed to sell any. One made a handsome little "pile" by the end of the season; the other questioned whether she had been paid for her time.

The reason for the success of the one and the failure of the other was not hard to find. It all lay in the manner of service. One of these women was careless and untidy in her appearance the other was scrupulously clean and neat; one measured her berries from her basket in a cup, filling it with her hands as she passed through the train; the other made up little paper holders lined with fresh green leaves, and these she filled with berries before the train arrived. No one wonders which would sell the best.

Probably some baker or confectioner may suspect a small sized moral lying around loose hereabouts.—American Grocer.

### Crystallization of Carbon.

Attempts have been frequently made to crystallize carbon so as to form the diamond; but, though carbon can be crystallized, it always appears in the finished state as graphite (black lead), and not the diamond. These two forms are the most common, and, in fact, the only two where carbon is known to be crystallized. A discussion by Mr. L. Fletcher on a nodule of carbon from a meteorite, which fell in western Australia, develops the discovery of carbon, black, and possessing all the attributes of graphite, but crystallized in small cubes. No such precedent has been established, and therefore this may be regarded as a third crystal form for carbon. The discovery has particular interest, as this form has never been observed on an terrestrial specimen of carbon, but on in this nodule of extra terrestrial origi—Chicago Tribune.

### Size of Molecules of Silver.

Applying certain measurements to a scarcely visible film of silver, Herr Wiener arrives at the conclusion that no less than 125,000,000 molecules of silver must be laid in line to measure an inch.—Chemnay Traveler.

## ADIEU.

With what sad heart, O love, I say
The words that cause me bitter pain
With what sad heart I go away—
Who knows, shall I return again?
And yet, O love, they must be spoken,
Tho' lives are wrecked and hearts are broken

And so, adieu, my love, adieu,
Believe me, I can say no more;
My life is full of love for you—
It holds within no other lore.
And yet, O love, I say adieu
To keep the world and give up you.

And many a day and many a night,
The heart will ache and tears will blind,
For all my life and its delight
Are in the world I leave behind;
And so, adieu, my love, my own—
I face the bitter world alone!

But you will miss me, will you not?
Mayhap as much as I will you;
'Tis not so easy as you thought
To say "Adieu, my love, adieu!"
For if we stop to count the cost—
Without the one the other's lost!

—George Wilmot Harris in Woman.

### The Number of the Stars.

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6,000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars are so near the South pole that they never rise in our latitude. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within range of our vision, unless we make a journey towards the equator.—Professor E. S. Holden in The Century.

### The Vineyards of France.

The prize of $60,000 offered some years ago by the French government to any one who should invent a remedy for that destructive disease of the vine, phylloxera, has not yet been awarded, although experiments with some of the remedies proposed have yielded encouraging results. The losses caused by this disease are enormous. About one-half of the vineyards of France have been totally destroyed by it. Mr. Roosevelt, our consul at Bordeaux, reports that the loss caused directly by the destruction of vines is thus far $1,440,000,000, to which should be added more than $760,000,000 expended for wine and dried grapes imported to make good the shortage, raising the total loss $2,000,000,000. The value of wine imported into France, to be "doctored" in various ways for use at home and sale abroad as the product of French vineyards, has risen from $1,670,348 in 1875 to $109,000,000 in 1887.—New York Times.

### Old Women in Canada.

Another point that has often been impressed upon me is that all the old dowagers in Canada look precisely like Queen Victoria, and this resemblance is augmented by the ugly fashion in which they dress their hair out of compliment to her majesty. There is much more deference in the manner of those in humble walks of life toward their superiors than with us. Polite and civil shop girls are not an effete institution in Canada, nor are respectful servants unknown. The street car conductor, who touches his hat respectfully when you signify your stop to him, was such a surprise to me that I did not recover from the shock for days.—Edith Sessions Tupper.

### The Turkish Sultan's Laundry.

The laundry where all the linen from the Dolma Bagtche palace is washed is under the direction of a man, but the work is all done by women. They have no washboards and rub the garments in their hands. They do not boil the clothes at all, and they are white as snow. They wash the clothes through two waters and then pack them tightly in baskets, covering them with towels, which they strew thickly with wood ashes and sliced lemons. Boiling water is then poured over them, and the clothes remain thus all night and in the morning are rinsed and hung out.—New York Herald.

### Poison from Lead Pipes.

It is claimed to be proven, beyond all doubt, that water which circulates or stands in leaden pipes or vessels, not only takes up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attacks the metal, the result of this being generally lead carbonate. According to the most eminent authorities in this line, minute quantities of lead thus introduced into and accumulating in the system, must rank among the causes of anæmia and defective nutrition in large towns.—New York Sun.

### Will Get Used to It.

"Why that sad expression, dear," said a bride on the first day of her wedding trip, as she raised her head from her husband's shoulder, "do you regret?"——

"Ah, no, darling," he replied fervently," it was but a fleeting expression. You dropped asleep for a moment and I thought I heard just the faintest suspicion of a snore."—The Epoch.

### Cupid and the Rose.

Cupid, stooping to kiss a new blown, dewy rose, was stung by a bee asleep in its heart. To please the petulant boy Venus strung his bow with captive bees and planted along the stem of the rose the stings torn from them.—The Cosmopolitan.

### A Vein of Glass.

Butler, Ga., claims to have a vein of natural glass. It is found at a depth of 317 feet in round, hollow and very rough pieces, which appear to have come from the fusing of the sandy soil by intense heat.—New York Sun.

There are thirty-seven tunnels of more than 1,000 yards in England, the longest being that of the Severn—7,664 yards.

**Thirty-five women are students in the London School of Medicine for Women.**

## OLD "MOTHER MOSCOW."

**Affection with Which the City is Regarded by the Russian Peasantry.**

In the zealous talk and rising enthusiasm of the peasants one may gather a whole philosophy of the affectionate interest with which Moscow is regarded by the people. Russia has a unique literature—partly in prose, partly in rhyme—of the popular sayings about Moscow, and these the traveling agriculturists love to repeat in a sort of patriotic competition, and with a view of determining which can recall the largest number. Some of these sayings relate to Moscow as a city, such as: "Moscow was not built at once; it took ages to build Moscow;" "Moscow was created by the ages; St. Petersburg by millions;" "Moscow with its seven seigniories—seven shepherds to one sheep;" "Moscow, mother of all cities;" "Humpbacked Moscow, built upon hills;" "Who in Moscow ne'er has been, he a beauty ne'er has seen;" and "Moscow, white stoned, golden domed, hospitable, orthodox, loquacious, tsar loving." Others describe Moscow as an ecclesiastical center: "In Moscow there are forty times forty churches;" "In Moscow every day is a holiday;" "Moscow matin chimes may be heard on the Vologda."

Among the general allusions are: "Live, live, children, until you have seen Moscow;" "It is high in the terem, but far to Moscow;" "There is plenty of room in Moscow;" "Moscow is not a suburb;" "It is refreshing to live on the Don; it is gay to live in Moscow;" "Moscow is not obliged to imitate, follow, be led or influenced by the star, but the tsar must be led by Moscow;" "To taste bread and salt in Moscow is like listening to sweet music;" "Moscow is renowned for its virgins, its bells and its bread rolls;" "There is never a bad harvest of bread in Moscow;" "Moscow mud does not soil;" "In Moscow the bread rolls burn like fire." A pessimistic vein is disclosed by such sayings as: "Moscow loves money;" "To one Moscow is a mother, to another a mother-in-law;" "They calculate to the last copek in Moscow;" "Praise Moscow after you have seen it;" "Moscow delay;" "Nothing is to be had as a gift in Moscow." Four rhymes contain some of those touches of nature that make the whole word kin: "Our native village is more beautiful than Moscow;" "Moscow is a kingdom, our village is a paradise;" "It is good to be in Moscow, but not like being at home," and "You will find everything in Moscow except your own father and mother."

The real Moscow, as distinct from the Moscow of the proverb, the guide book and the literary description, stands alone among cities, as Russia stands alone among countries. The ground which it occupies is a vast circular plain, into the southern half of which the river Moskva penetrates like a blunt wedge. The city has a kreml or fortress for its center facing the watercourse, and around it have been built successive concentric rings of urban growth, representing in the order of recession the business, residential and village portions of the old capital. That is to say, the church lies at the core of life in Moscow; commerce comes next, bound to the ecclesiastical center by the closest ties; third in line stand housekeeping and pleasure; last of all live huddled together the dependent and impoverished classes of one of the richest cities in the world. The parallel between the structural and the sociological order in Moscow is thus complete.—Edmund Noble in Atlantic Monthly.

### Cosmetics Sure to Show.

"Is there any powder which can be put on so as not to show?" I asked, when the black robes had fluttered away.

"I never saw any which I could not detect," was the reply.

"Is the use of cosmetics increasing?" was the question put to the proprietor.

"Certainly it is," he said. "All sorts of women use complexion remedies. We don't have much to do with the stage people, who have their own ways of making up, but every other sort of woman comes here. In the winter we make up even buds in their first season, when they haven't bloom enough for a ball room. The washes and enamels come in play then. In summer women who have been shopping step in to get a dash of powder so as not to go home to dinner in a perspiration. Sometimes one of our attendants is sent for post haste to a fashionable watering place to make up a regular customer for a hop or to repair damages after a yachting day in the wind. Shop girls make up quite generally. I don't believe their employers require it, as some say, but they powder and rouge as much as society folks. No, we don't often use cosmetics on children, though once in a while there is a call for that sort of thing in preparation for a child's party or ball. There is one little tot of 6, whose mother is a rich widow, and terribly disappointed because the child hasn't inherited her beauty, who is brought here to be made up about as often as children's festivities go on."—Eliza Putnam Heaton.

### The Impulse to Write.

As to authorship itself, I believe a writer should have a natural impulse to write, just as the bird has a natural desire to sing. This impulse comes from a great variety of motives. If it is a mere sentiment, or a petty ambition to see his name in print, why, he will write his book, the public will give its verdict and there will soon be an end of it. Among all this throng of writers one will be found here and there who will have the power to interest, win and hold an audience. No one can pick out the man or woman who will do that; the writers themselves do not know how it will be; they must make the trial before they can know whether they will succeed or not. Young writers should rely on the literary judgment of honest friends, and not ask busy authors with whom they are not acquainted to criticise their manuscripts, as many of them now do.—E. P. Roe in The Epoch.

### The Clouds Were Dry.

Jimmie had been promised a trip into the country.

"Mamma, are you going out to auntie's today?"

"No, dear, I'm afraid it will rain. Don't you see how black the clouds are?"

"Yes" (reluctantly), "but I don't think they'll leak!"—Detroit Free Press.